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**THE DAILY UNION**  
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**THE ARGUS**  
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1920.  
When The Argus of March 24, 1920—  
"The Argus has been published for over  
a century and has been a constant source  
of news and information to the people of  
this city and the surrounding country."

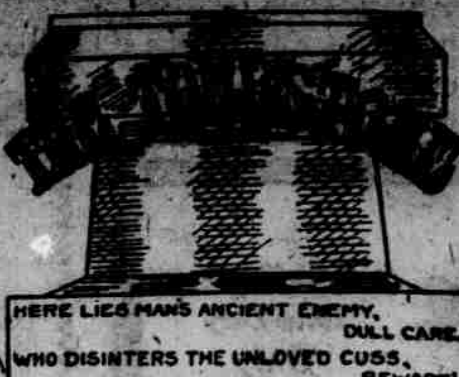
**Bread.**  
The world need not go hungry this winter. The world has plenty of wheat to feed itself. All that is needed is sufficient intelligence to get the wheat to the places where it is needed in order that men may have bread enough and to spare.  
The International Institute of Agriculture at Rome reports from figures it has gathered that there were on April 1, 1920, a total of 10,500,000 metric tons of wheat and rye available for shipment from the grain exporting countries of the world (6,000,000 tons in North America, 3,200,000 in South America, and 1,300,000 in Australia). This, be it noted, takes no account of Russian wheat, which is not considered available.  
The countries that have to import wheat and rye to feed their people, will require between April 1 and the periods of their respective harvests 8,100,000 metric tons.  
Consequently, it is apparent that the stocks at the beginning of April were sufficient not only to supply all requirements up to harvest time, in the northern hemisphere, but also to leave a surplus available in the coming season. On the basis of the figures presented, this surplus was 2,400,000 metric tons on Aug. 1.  
Earth and rain and sun have done their duty. It is up to mankind to make sure the results.

**The Temptation to Incendiarism.**  
Illinois fire chiefs have been warned to be on the lookout for evidences of incendiarism in cases where business stocks are destroyed. State Fire Marshal John G. Gamber has suspicions that dealers, caught overstocked when prices start to decline, may show a disposition to put themselves in the way of collecting fire insurance, based on original costs, rather than hold goods while they depreciate in value.  
Regulating the situation the fire marshal said:  
During the last year or two incendiarism has been few. Business has been too good because of the high price levels. There are hundreds, probably thousands of firms and individuals who cannot stand a sharp break in prices. Their profits are built on inflation. They include many factories, which were equipped during the war or since, and thrived because commodities of every sort have brought unheard of prices. They include also the speculating profiteers, who have hoarded the necessities of life on a rising market, greedily holding them for even higher prices.  
Many merchants are said to be overstocked, too. If the break in prices should come suddenly we will have to be

on guard. We all know that many warehouses are crowded by burning with food and clothing and information trickles out from time to time that speculators have overplayed their game; that they have overvalued; that many of them will be victims of their own greed and will find themselves obliged to disgorge at a loss. But will they? Fire insurance for a year past has been written on inflated valuations and the insurance companies are frankly disturbed.  
We have some pity for a man—although we cannot condone the act—who, having invested his all in an honest business venture and failed is driven to desperation and the torch, but we can have no consideration for the conscienceless scoundrel who withholds necessities from his fellow citizens and burns them when the market blazes his unholy venture. Justice demands that all such find repose in the penitentiaries for the maximum sentences. Let us therefore prepare now to meet this emergency. Some lines are showing a tendency to drop. Every suspicious fire should be scrutinized more carefully than ever before. Every fire chief should work in closest cooperation with the fire marshal of this state and the best efforts of both should be brought to bear to see that the prison doors await those deserving them.  
The foregoing is not printed for the purpose of suggesting dishonest methods to some who might not otherwise have thought of them, but rather to warn those who need no prompting in such matters that state and local authorities, as well as the insurance companies, are keeping an eye on their actions and liquidation by the incendiary route may not be as easy or as safe as it looks.

**Educating Women in Citizenship.**  
The League of Women Voters, the successor of the former woman's suffrage association, announces it will devote its activities to the education of women as voters.  
In all the states, the league is preparing to put on citizenship schools in the various countries, to be followed by precinct and neighborhood classes for instruction and discussion of government and political subjects.  
These schools will necessarily be non-partisan, or rather alpartisan, since the league is built up on that basis. Women of all groups, organized or unorganized, are urged to attend these citizenship schools and classes. They are not being held for members of the league alone. They are for women of every political faith. Strictly partisan subjects relating to candidates, etc., are to be eliminated.  
Legislation along welfare lines is receiving particular attention from special committee of the league. Those committees actively engaged in making surveys are drawing plans are, child welfare, women in industry, social hygiene, American citizenship, food supply and demand and legal status of women.  
The league's special slogans now are, "enroll in the political parties" and "every woman an intelligent voter in November."

Well done, noble knights. Rock Island is proud of you.  
The visiting Sir Knights are more than welcome. The town and all that pertains thereto, is their's.  
Those anti-suffragists are much like the wets who stood around until it was too late to do anything, and then set up a great howl about how something had been put over on the country.  
The miners are reporting for work, but old man car shortage is still on the job to obviate any alarming overproduction of coal.  
Along with other things, there are 33 United States senators to be elected this fall. The responsibility of the people of the various commonwealths is not limited to the selection of a chief magistrate of the nation.



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, DULL CARE, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUS, BEWARE!

**I WANT TO GO WEST AGAIN.**  
West where the prairie makes love to the moon;  
I long for the west again, west again,  
West where the turtle dove sings her soft croon.  
I want to go west again, west again,  
West where the corn whispers soft to the night;  
I long for the west again, west again,  
West where the coyote keeps watch till the light.  
Your east has a charm with its manners and ways,  
Charm for the novice in Nature's fair art;  
But freed from its empty bewildering maze,  
Westward I'd fly where viceroy hides no heart.  
I'm sick of the way that you murder your r's,  
Innocent r's that would serve you so well;  
And your maiming of a's my temper quite mars—  
Speech bears ill will toward the way which you spell.  
Your ancestral worship puts China to shame;  
You bow the knee to cold slabs and mere dust,  
And mutter adoringly some empty name,  
Hoping thereby to be counted as just.  
On pedigrees and on credentials you dote—  
Character trapeses behind after caste;  
You learn genealogies early by rote,  
Then on your tombstones you carve them at last.  
Such pastime may satisfy Vanity's mind—  
Souls of some depth search for things that are real;  
You'd spend your time better to paint, "I AM BLIND,"  
Then seek the street with the beggar's appeal.  
So, I want to go west again, west again,  
West to the wilderness scenes of my birth;  
I dream of the west again, west again,  
West of my homeland, the Eden of earth!  
—D. A. D.

**ONE** should always expect the unexpected; then the sensation known as surprise would be reduced to a minimum. Still, the author of the foregoing verses—who was dubbed by the late F. O. Van Galder "The Fighting Parson"—will probably be at least mildly astounded when he reads them here, since it has been, as we recall, something over a year since he mailed them to us. At that time we had no columnar vehicle; hence the delay.

**But Doesn't the Government Have a Monopoly on This Business?**  
(From the Davenport Times).  
NEW knitting machine to make money at home; at a bargain. Mrs. Frank Roemer, 519 East Twelfth street.

"ODD pants," says an ad in the Detroit News, "always in a broad assortment of suit patterns to match your coat and vest." But suppose one is built on narrow architectural lines and has an aversion for odd pants?

**The Transparent Handkerchief.**  
(From the Chicago Tribune).  
"He was about 25 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighed about 150 pounds, was dark in complexion, had a long, skinny nose, wore a gray cap, and dark clothes, and had a white handkerchief over his face."

"WHY," asks a chronic seeker of odd bits of information, "does a telegram sent from New York at noon to Chicago reach Chicago before noon?" It probably doesn't.

**Naturally, Doc, Would Be a Great Cut-up.**  
(Seaton Cor. Aleo Times-Record).  
Dr. Van Sickle was a business caller in Monmouth Sunday evening. He is there when it comes to jollie, I'd say.

**"STORM CAUSES BIRTH OF CHILD IN CELLAR."**—Headline.  
A. E. F. who sent us the "storm birth" headline, neglected to designate what journal thus recorded this miracle.

ALONG with the glad hand we'd like to slip a tip to the visiting knights not to muss up our old picture gallery in their headquarters.  
"ORANGEMEN AND CATHOLICS FIGHT HARD!"—Monmouth Advertiser.  
AS if Irishmen ever fought any other way!  
R. E. M'G.

**HEALTH TALKS**  
BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.  
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR  
Cured of Lung Fever.  
The average layman imagines that pneumonia is an affliction which is likely to develop upon an alleged "cold" if he doesn't take care not to take more "cold" or something like that.  
The idea is based upon superstition which swayed our profession before the specific infectious character of pneumonia tuberculosis, diphtheria and other respiratory infections was discovered. The idea paved the way for the introduction of countless more or less harmful remedies which purported to "cure" colds or to ward off the imaginary results of a "cold." A lot of good money and a great many fortunes, are tied up with this superstition, and therefore it is difficult to enlighten the average man, because for every word of truth on the subject that finds its way into print and into the conversation of the people a thousand words of deception and misrepresentation are given utterance. The propaganda of charlatans are infinitely better than the propaganda of public and private health agencies the country over. The plain truth concerning health and hygiene has pretty hard going, and little of it ever reaches the man in the street.  
Lung fever, also known as lobar pneumonia, pleuro pneumonia, and sometimes as pneumonitis, usually sets in abruptly with a chill. So do erysipelas, acute blood poisoning, malaria—but even the man on the street would laugh at the idea of you ascribed your erysipelas or acute septicemia or malaria to "taking cold." It seems that Dr. Buncombe and the old fossils of the regular medical profession have not insisted upon "taking cold" as a factor of these other infections.  
Pneumonia is not especially liable to develop in an individual who always has some mild ailment which he designates as a "cold." That is a bit of propaganda where-with the charlatans and nostrum fakers frighten the victims of such ailments into using worthless or harmful remedies instead of seeking intelligent medical advice.  
Suppose you have an annoying cough. Perhaps you buy a bottle of some alleged "cough remedy" and begin nibbling at it. Almost certainly the stuff contains some dope, something which will with-

out fall chokes down the impulse to cough, a narcotic which lulls your nerves for the time being so that you do not cough so much or so hard. You now imagine you are deriving some benefit from the nostrum. But wait a day or two. The bottle is empty, but the cough comes back. Nature rebels against the narcotic which interferes with natural recovery. The infection gains a better foothold. It travels downward. Now you have actual bronchitis, thanks to Dr. Buncombe and the almanac gentry.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
Cause and Remedy for Cancer.  
Please tell me the cause, and a remedy if possible, for cancer.  
R. J. C.  
Answer—Cause of cancer is unknown. Immediate radical surgery is the remedy.  
Unto the Third Generation.  
A mother of a little girl 6 years old was one of three children of a man who died of paresis. Her own health has always been excellent. The little girl seems well, and bright. But the mother fears she will inherit the syphilis from the grandfather. Is there likelihood of that?  
B. D. E.  
Answer—No. I have never known of an instance of syphilis being handed down to the third generation, and it is doubtful that the disease is inherited from a grandparent. If it were, considering the one-tenth of the population so infected at present, how long would it be before the civilized races would become extinct from syphilis?

**Unmarried Folks.**  
You seem to think married women the only folks worth while. Why discriminate against girls with better sense? Is obesity wholesome for an unmarried woman and unwholesome for a married P. C. C.  
Answer—No, indeed. I merely feel that girls under the age of 19 should not attempt reduction save by direction of their personal physicians. If a woman can write Mrs. before her name I assume she is over 19 and I may suggest a reduction regimen for her. On the contrary, dear child, I take more pains in answering the queries of young folks than those of older folks, on the principle that the younger I can catch 'em the more good I can do. Just try me on that and see.

**What's In A Name?**  
BY MILDRED MARSHALL  
(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)  
**DIANA.**  
One of the most beautiful names which came to us through Roman mythology is Diana. She was originally Divajana, goddess of the night, but, as she was pure as Vista, she was identified with the Greek Artemis and given possession of the temple of Ephesus and was thenceforth regarded as the goddess of the silver bow and daughter of Jupiter and Latona.  
In the 16th century, when romances of chivalry began to make their appearance, Jorge de Montemayor, the Spanish poet, named his heroine Diana and her name was quickly taken up by the sponsors of the lovely widow, Diane de Pittiers, whose colors of black and white Henry II of France wore even to his last fatal tournament.

The cavalier court during its residence in France adopted Diana and carried it back to England where there were as many Lady Dyes as Lady Bettys and Lady Fannys.  
In some instances Diana is regarded as the name of the chargeable lady referred to in the Scriptures as "Dinah of the Ephesians." In the 18th century there was a Monna Diana in Florence whose chief claim to fame was that she mistook a large stone that fell on her head off a building, for a small pebble, because she wore such an elaborate headdress.  
Crystal is Diana's talismanic gem. It guards her youth and purity, according to old superstition, and brings her many friends. Sunday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

**Argus Information Bureau**  
(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. No brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)  
Q. How are head lice killed?  
My little daughter caught them at school, and she has fine thick hair which I don't want to cut. J. R. A.  
A. The public health service says that the head louse is destroyed by washing the hair with a mixture of equal parts of vinegar and kerosene (coal oil), care being taken that the face and neck are protected. The vinegar dissolves the substance which binds the nits to the hair, and the kerosene kills the lice. Several applications may be necessary at intervals of two or three days, as the nits, or eggs, are hard to kill. After each application, the hair may be shampooed as usual.  
Q. Which city ward is the largest in the United States? A. P. O.  
A. The 27th ward in Chicago has this distinction, covering more than twenty square miles and having a larger population than either Wyoming or Nevada.  
Q. Do American passenger boats sail to German ports? K. L. F.  
A. The steamship Susequahanna, which sailed recently for Bremen and the free city of Danzig, was the first passenger ship to sail under the American flag for these ports. She is the forerunner of a fleet of liners that will fly the stars and stripes on the transatlantic route.  
Q. Who holds the record of driving in harness races? N. M. B.  
A. Probably the record of Ed Geers, familiarly known as Pop Geers, who has been driving for almost 43 years and is now past 69 years of age, has never been equaled.  
Q. How many states keep birth records? E. R. T.  
A. The department of labor says that only 23 states and the District of Columbia now keep birth records with sufficient accuracy and completeness to admit them to the United States birth registration area. In 1919 this group represented 54.4 per cent of the total population of the country.  
Q. Does a "cold wave" mean any particular temperature? M. R. L.  
A. This expression is commonly used in the United States to designate a fall of at least 39 degrees within 24 hours, bringing the temperature below the freezing point.

**Frederic Haskin's Letter**  
(Special Correspondence of The Argus).

**Who Discovered America?**  
Chicago, Aug. 31.—Dr. Sofus Larsen, librarian of the University of Copenhagen and a great student of history, has made a remarkable discovery in his delvings among ancient Portuguese and Danish archives. He has discovered that John Scolvo, a Danish sea captain, landed upon the shores of America in 1476, 16 years before Columbus. J. Christian Bay, head of the medical reference section of the Cramer library here, who has just translated the results of Dr. Larsen's research work into English, states that the maps, documents and journals which Dr. Larsen has unearthed are conclusive evidence that John Scolvo's voyage is the first recorded discovery of the western continent.  
It is generally believed that various Scandinavian navigators had seen North America or some of the islands near it long before the voyage of Columbus, but this has never been proved. Dr. Larsen claims to have proof positive of Scolvo's voyage.  
And if this is so, and anyone who hears the story from the scholarly Larsen will find it hard to doubt it, it makes a pretty state of affairs over here. To be perfectly logical, we ought to change the District of Columbia to the District of Scolvia; we ought to have a Scolvas, Ohio, and as for some of the national anthems—! However, people are never perfectly logical, so this momentous discovery, so exciting to the say-ants, will probably not make the slightest change among us. We have worked up a lot of quite justified, sentimental fondness for Columbus, and it would be hard for anyone to get our sympathy or even our neutral hearing for any Scolvo-Columbus controversy. We feel about Columbus as the man in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy felt about the well-known playwright when he said: "Well, if Shakespeare didn't write his plays they were written by another man named Shakespeare."  
Nevertheless, it is fascinating to muse upon old Scolvo's voyage suddenly coming to light after more than five hundred years. And it is especially fascinating to sit in Mr. Bay's small study among ancient tomes and exquisite bits of illuminated parchment and hear his mild-voiced, quaintly-worded story of the Danish pilot.  
How it started.  
It would seem that it all began with Henry the Navigator, a Portuguese prince, and a strange, monk-like figure in history. This Henry was a man of visions and great organizing ability. He surrounded himself with a group of adventurers, explorers and fanatics, and spent his life trying to find the ends of the world. One of his greatest ambitions was to reach India by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope. After 19 attempts he accomplished this. Then, as he had a theory that he might reach another part of India by a northwestern passage, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Christian, the king of Denmark, and asked him for his help in starting an expedition from Denmark.  
He sent two Portuguese noblemen, Hamen and Cortereal, the Elder by name, to represent him on this voyage, and Christian set a promise of a rich reward. John Scolvo, or Scolvo, to pilot them on their way. It was a perilous journey that they undertook, but they seem to have been perilling men in those days. It would have been difficult enough to cross the Atlantic, says Mr. Bay, but to pilot a small caravel across the Arctic ocean required both courage and great skill. Evidently John Scolvo had both these traits. He steered his little craft across the ocean to Iceland, passed the coast of Greenland which he saw but did not land upon, and then, through ice-filled waters, rough and unknown, he came to the coast of Labrador and the mouth of the St. Lawrence river.  
Scolvo a Clam.  
John Scolvo's journal shows him to be very tactful about his discovery. He mentions that they

have come to a land where there are many trees and where the natives hunt game by means of white falcons. After ascertaining these picturesque facts he turned around and came back to Denmark, and no more is heard of him. The two Portuguese noblemen, however, were more impressed with what they had discovered. They hurried back to report to Henry the Navigator only to find that he had died in their absence. One can't help being sorry for poor Henry. He would have been so thrilled at the new vistas for exploration which this discovery opened up to him. Also if he had lived the whole early history of America might have been different, as he undoubtedly would not have let the new continent rest in peace.  
For some reason this is what the two Portuguese did. They reported the results of their voyage to Alfonso, Henry's successor, but they seem to have made little of the new land and to have kept the discovery of it secret, either for political reasons or because they hoped to use their knowledge for private gain and the times were not propitious for them to exploit the new land.  
Whatever their reason, they dropped out of sight with their secret. Hamen never appeared again, and Cortereal not until Columbus had landed after his third voyage. Then, however, old Cortereal bestirred himself. He wrote a letter to Alfonso which is one of the most important documents in Dr. Larsen's array of proofs. In it he asked for certain grants, rights and privileges in the new land, and says that he wants his two sons to go over and rediscover the continent which he had discovered years before. This letter, says Mr. Bay, was probably the first attempt to form a universal American trust. Alfonso granted his requests, whereupon he promptly died.  
His two sons went over in 1500 and reached the coast of Labrador, "the part of the country," comment the Portuguese archives, "where previously people came from the northland, led by Captain John Scolvo." One of the sons died there, and the other, after returning to Portugal, set out again and was never heard from. It is this snuffing out of the family of Cortereal which accounts for the fact that Scolvo's discovery of America dropped from sight in the excitement of other and more widely heralded voyages. It is not believed, of course, that Columbus knew anything of the earlier trip to the western continent, so he still may be regarded as a discoverer of America, although according to Mr. Bay and other students he is not the discoverer.  
The Urge to Discover.  
Little is known of John Scolvo except that he was a brave seafaring man. His name, Scolvo or Scolf, an ancient Norwegian one meaning "man that lives in the outer island," is appropriate in another sense as well. He exists now only on the outer border of man's consciousness. He has the shadowy, mythical existence which the distant, undiscovered lands helped to find for him. In fact, for hundreds of years he was not-existent except in the old, buried archives which Dr. Larsen has just brought to light again.  
Nevertheless, he stands for one of the most romantic qualities of the human race, that urge which drives men on through any hardship or danger, further into the unknown. It is Mr. Bay's theory that man's discontent with life around him, his desire to find a happy island, or a virgin land, where he can begin all over again unhampered by his own mistakes and his ancestors', are the real driving forces which urge men over the earth's surface. If this is so, it may be that America is not really discovered yet. We have made the land ours, but not until we have made it the happy country which so far exists only in men's hearts, will the true America have been discovered.

**THE DAILY SHORT STORY**

**THE PHILANDERER.**  
By Marie A. Diesler.  
(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)  
Pauline Prantiss was a flirt, from the crown of her fluffy blond head to the tips of her dainty toes. Her big brown eyes were as clear and innocent looking as a baby's, but who to the man who gazed too long or too often into their limpid depths.  
However, some poor fellow was always falling in love with her. There would be the usual stages of flowers, bon-bons and dances, then suddenly a misunderstanding, jealousy and doubt, hot words on either side, and the idyl was over. Then for a few weeks she would be sensible, as she called it, until another good-looking chap appeared on the scene.  
It was a hot afternoon in mid-August. A group of young people were loitering on the beach in front of the Frontenac cottage, most of them in bathing togs. Some had already gone into the water, seeking relief from the hot sun. There were gay shrieks and laughter from a bevy of pretty girls standing waist-deep in the water, when a great wave came tumbling in and swept them from their feet.  
Gradually the crowd on the beach grew smaller until almost all had joined the bathers. Most of them were good swimmers, and each tried to outdo the other in diving stunts and swimming under water.  
After a while some one suggested a race to the yacht anchored about a quarter of a mile out, and the idea was hailed with enthusiasm. They lined themselves up at a given signal there was a splash, splashing and splashing, and Pauline was in good luck. She was the first to reach the yacht, and she was the first to be rescued. She was clinging to the mast, and she was clinging to him frantically.  
"Let go of my arms," he ordered, but she thoroughly frightened, clung the tighter.  
"Then I'll have to make you let go," he said firmly, and as she afterwards told her best friend: "He struck me, Ethel—actually struck me on the head and knocked me unconscious."  
When she opened her eyes again she found herself lying on the warm sands, with sellicks faces bending over her, among them the young man who had come to her rescue, still in his dripping clothes. A great wave of thankfulness swept over her, and in a weak little voice she tried to tell them how grateful she was. "Not to worry," they said, "we'll get you home." "Oh, there's Alice—see you later, Bob," and they walked off in different directions.  
The silence in the corner was profound for a few moments. Both faces burned in the darkness. At first Pauline was inclined to be resentful at the way her brothers had treated her, but she remembered that she had almost drowned, and she remembered that she had almost drowned.

How dared he! The brute! With angry tears in his eyes she vowed to be revenged.  
Days passed, happy, languid summer days, and Pauline practiced on Nell Summer all the wiles of her sex—for the first time in her life without success. He absolutely refused to make love to her, to hold her hand, or to treat her in any way different than he did any other woman.  
At first his indifference made her angry, then it became a joke, and finally—well, she found she had fallen in love with him. It was rather a humiliating fact to admit, even to herself, that she had given her love to a man who did not care for her in return.  
It was the last dance of the season; trunks were being packed ready to go on the morrow, and good-byes were even now being said. Two young men sat talking on the veranda, watching the dancers. Neither of them noticed the couple in the shadows behind them.  
"Nell's simply daffy over her," one was saying, "told me so—said he'd been ready to propose 50 times a day then thought of what I said."  
"But I told him to just keep her guessing for a while. All her life, everything she was told she couldn't have she'd want, and she'd get it too, somehow."  
"Even if she is our sister, she's the biggest flirt I ever saw, and she ought to have one good lesson."  
"Oh, there's Alice—see you later, Bob," and they walked off in different directions.  
The silence in the corner was profound for a few moments. Both faces burned in the darkness. At first Pauline was inclined to be resentful at the way her brothers had treated her, but she remembered that she had almost drowned, and she remembered that she had almost drowned.

**Today's Anniversaries**  
1557—Jacques Cartier died at St. Malo, France.  
1791—Lydia Huntley Sigourney, famous poetess, born at Norwich, Conn. Died at Hartford, Conn., June 10, 1865.  
1820—Alexander of Russia granted land on the Sea of Azov to converted Jews.  
1823—Emperor of Austria crowned King of Lombardy at Milan.  
1845—Sarah Judson, one of the first American women to enter the foreign missionary field, died at St. Helena. Born at Alstead, N. H., Nov. 4, 1802.  
1853—Mary Anderson made her English debut at the Lyceum theatre in London.  
1917—Sarah Bernhardt returned to the stage in New York after

**Heart at Home Problems**  
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a senior boy in high school. I have never attended school social events and have never cared about or taken girls anywhere, but have given my time to work and study, in which I have always succeeded quite well.  
I have a few girl classmates living in my part of town. Would it now be correct to take my girl friends places? I am told I am too serious and solemn. How can I be more sociable and carry on conversation in real life?  
I do not like powder and paint girls, as that is not to be admired in a girl, but the simple, sensible girl. Probably if more girls remembered this they would not call men silly and selfish, as one of your correspondents did. A man has the right to choose the kind of girl he wants to work for and spend his life with.  
BOOK WORM.  
It is not too late now to take your girl friends places. It would be entirely correct to do so. I agree with you in your attitude toward girls. If girls would only realize that the right kind of man does not admire powder and paint, they would not use it. But they won't see the truth until it is too late. They powder and paint and cheat until they marry some man who likes that sort of thing. Then in a few months they find themselves deserted because the husband has found a new pretty face which is powdered and painted and shows plainly that the girl has no objections to going with a married man.  
If you are too serious you must learn to play. A life of labor is not complete any more than one

that is all a search for pleasure. Both work and play are necessary to make a rich life. Don't worry about your conversations. Say whatever the occasion brings about naturally.  
Dear Mrs. Thompson: Is there a good method of gaining weight and height? If there is, will you tell me about it? I am SHORT.  
Get plenty of outdoor exercise. Take long hikes and go swimming. You also need eight or nine hours a night sleep. It goes without saying that you should not smoke.  
To gain weight drink at least a quart of milk a day and more if possible. Also eat plenty of eggs. Simply by drinking a quantity of milk you will notice that you are adding pounds to your present weight.  
Dear Mrs. Thompson: A boy friend and I were taking pictures one Sunday and he took his hat off and put it on my head. Of course after the picture was taken I took the hat off, and ever since he and other girls have been teasing me about it. Will you please tell me what it means? IN DOUBT.  
Flirt is importance on the teasing. It means nothing.

**ONE YEAR AGO**  
General Pershing called from Brest for the United States. Police destroyed red flags and emblems at Socialist convention in Chicago.